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Man of a Thousand Faces



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Chapter 1 by Julia Trinity Violet

Everywhere he went, he wore a different face. Sometimes this face was just to make him feel confident, to make him feel in charge of wherever he went. However, sometimes the face he wore was for protection.

In some places this man was illegal. Pictures of one of his faces shown on every billboard, every sign. There was a prize for this man, and a great one too. But the man kept running, kept traveling. Never in the same place, never in the same face.

The thing about different faces is that even though you're sure to be safe, you're very lonely. You're a different person everyday so you can never get too attached to people. He thought he was safe. He thought no one knew. But on this day, he was proved very, very wrong.

Chapter 2 by Aηηιє ღειgh (GONE...)



Both of his hands were cuffed to the chair, and his ankles to the legs.

A woman paced back and forth in front of him.

"Are you ready to talk, Mr Brown? Or should I call you Mr Derwick, or maybe even Mr Walter?" she asked. without stopping.

She finally did, and crossed her arms.

But he stayed silent, not daring to

Detective Jones let out an

"You know I can't leave un

she realized that had no effect on him, so she slammed her fists onto the metal table.

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"I can stay here for hours. But I'm warning you, I get really crappy when I'm tired... And when I feel crappy, I break the rules. So don't be surprised if you end up in the emergency room tomorrow" she yelled.

She was getting sick of this guy, and all she wanted was to get home for the weekend.

She looked towards the two-way mirror and rolled her eyes.

"You know what, I'm done playing *nice cop*" she said as she made her way around the table, and right in front of the man.

She took her gun out, pointing it at the man's right foot "talk or I shoot."

The mans bright blue eyes looked up. "Talk!" she yelled.

But he didn't even move a muscle.

So she pulled the trigger.

Chapter 3 by Deepesh Vasudev



The bullet left the barrel of the gun with a loud roar. When it hit his leg the bullet shattered into a thousand pieces, some of them cut deep into detective Jones's shin. She fell to the ground and screamed in pain.

The man with a thousand faces stood up with ease; the cuffs slipping off like water. He was about to be the man with one thousand and one faces.

He touched the trembling detectives forehead and says...

"I am you."

The police officers barge into the interrogation room, and tackle the man down. The escort the wounded detective out, and pacify the man.

Detective Jones wakes up with a slight headache, but no pain in her shin. She feels different, she opens her eyes wide, realizes she is wearing male clothes and seated in a jail cell.

Chapter 4 by Tricia L



"What did you do to Detective Jones?" her colleague, Officer Smith, demanded.

The two were very close friends, so it didn't surprise her as much when he asked. *He must have switched bodies with me or something!*

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The Man of a Thousand Faces Detective Jones. He's done this plenty of times before. He gives himself a moment to collect his thoughts.

It seems that there is a camera in the room, because soon he is facing a nurse and another cop.

"Hey, how're you doing? Feeling okay?"

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